

All the lines blurring

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All the lines blurring

by [alexaprilgarden](#)

Charlie

Chapter Notes

I wrote this half-ill, half-asleep, over the course of 36 hours. No WIP.

My deepest gratitude for p. for listening to my ramblings about these three a few weeks ago, for the cheering and beta'ing on short notice. ♥

All characters of the HP universe and the stories of the HP books belong to JK Rowling. I do not seek to gain from her work, this is just for fun. JKR is an awful bigot and her anti-trans bullying is destroying lives. To all the non-binary and trans folks out there: I love and support you. Now more than ever. You're amazing and the world is a better place with you in it.

The first friend Charlie ever had was Bill, and he loved him. When Charlie was little, a boy of five or six or eight years, he was sure that his brother was the cleverest person walking the earth, because he seemed to know everything. The two of them stuck together when their younger brothers were born. They were the big ones when Fred and George were just babies, and even more so when Ron and Ginny were born. Bill was the one Charlie was looking up to, the one who made him laugh unlike anyone else, who Charlie knew how to rile up and properly fight with, and whom he could sometimes, *sometimes*, in a tussle between cleverness and the blunt force of his whole bodyweight, even defeat.

When Bill left for Hogwarts, Charlie was heartbroken, and so when his own time came two years later, he could barely wait to depart for school. Charlie learned quickly that Bill had a lot of friends at Hogwarts and that he really was clever – not only by Charlie's standards, but by the teachers' as well. Charlie understood why their mum was so terribly proud of Bill. And Hogwarts truly was amazing: Charlie was back with Bill again, he got to learn magic himself and he was allowed to fly on a proper broom. He thoroughly enjoyed school. In second year, he started playing for the Gryffindor Quidditch team. This made up for the fact that his grades were nowhere as good as Bill's, except maybe for Care of Magical Creatures. By third year, Charlie realised that he wasn't the only one who found Bill was handsome. Half the school's girls (and boys) had a crush on his brother, understandably so.

The first boy Charlie kissed was gorgeous and tall, in fifth year when Charlie was just in fourth, seeker of the Ravenclaw team. Charlie told Bill a day later, and Bill flashed him a grin. "No wonder, you're the second best looking Weasley," Bill said as if the fact that it had been a boy Charlie had kissed hadn't been the slightest surprise, as if it didn't matter at all.

Charlie launched himself at him in a bone-crushing hug. It didn't last very long with the Ravenclaw seeker, but it didn't have to. There were so many other boys, now that Charlie was learning to play his cards right.

In fifth year, someone else joined Charlie's and Bill's close bond: a boy called Casper, or Cas, for short. He was a sixth year Gryffindor, right in the middle of them. Cas had blond hair, bright as the sand on the Devon beaches. Miraculously, he was always a little tanned, as if he'd spent days and days on those beaches. *Bloody gorgeous*, Charlie thought and blushed when Bill caught him watching Cas. Cas was thoughtful like Bill, a flyer as good as Charlie and nearly as mischievous as Fred and George. He fit in with them a like a piece of a puzzle.

Bill had a girlfriend then, very pretty, Charlie had to admit, and much smaller than him. She was in Cas' year. Bill was very quiet about her, but sometimes Charlie spotted them on a corridor or in the Quidditch stands: mostly laughing and holding hands, and sometimes kissing. Bill was always very gentle with her, almost shy. Charlie didn't know what to think of it – or maybe he refused to think of it altogether, with a sharp sense of unease that he tried to stifle as soon as he felt it. *I hope she knows how fucking amazing Bill is*, Charlie thought and did his best to be happy for his brother.

Sometimes Charlie caught the glances Bill threw Cas, like secret, wordless spells gone astray, weird and unfathomable. When Bill looked at Charlie a second later, Bill made himself smile and quickly joined the conversation as if none of it ever happened. At the party after Hufflepuff won the Quidditch final, Charlie lost sight of Bill and Cas for a while, but when he found them later, chatting with the victorious Hufflepuff seeker, Cas looked slightly more dishevelled than usual, surely from all the yelling and cheering during the game. Bill was in a right state though – flustered and shaken, his gestures either too grand or too shy, as if he didn't fit into his own body anymore. Charlie wrapped an arm around Bill's shoulders and pulled him close. With Cas in tow he led Bill straight into the mass of celebrating Hufflepuffs, doing their best to distract him until Bill seemed normal again.

Bill's seventh year passed, and inevitably, Bill left Hogwarts. The dormitory he'd slept in for the past seven years was occupied by a bunch of first-years, noisy and fucking obnoxious and almost as tiny as Ron. They had no right to be here, in Charlie's opinion. He was more heartbroken than he had expected. But Cas was still there, thank fuck, for one last year. It was him who wrapped an arm around Charlie's shoulders, who held Charlie until he felt better, and who talked to him until that Bill-shaped bleakness between them started to shrink. They shifted closer. Close enough for Charlie to become a little addicted to the sight of Cas' graceful, sun-kissed hands, the smell of his skin when he hugged him and the sound of his laugh late at night in the common room when they were the last to drag themselves to bed. He got a little addicted to the understanding in Cas' eyes, because no-one else missed Bill the way Charlie and Cas did, not even Bill's ex-girlfriend. They had split up just before Bill had graduated.

Charlie and Cas became close enough, in fact, to kiss one rainy, cold December evening after Quidditch training, teeth clacking and surprised and wanting, and to sleep with each other in the Room of Requirement just a few days later, when all they required was a bed and a place where they were left alone for a few hours. When Cas looked at him, in their messed up bed, over lunch in the Great Hall, or back at their common room, the warmth and adoration

Charlie found in his eyes seemed absolutely boundless. Charlie found himself unexpectedly and utterly happy.

Still, they both missed Bill. They wrote him letters to London, where he was training to be a curse-breaker. On Boxing Day at the Burrow Charlie confessed to Bill that he was dating Cas. Now he was missing Cas – apparently there was always going to be one of them he'd miss, Merlin. Charlie kept stumbling over his words as he told Bill, and it wasn't the best timing probably with the Burrow so loud and crowded, but Bill just grinned and slapped his shoulder in a way he usually didn't.

"I'm happy for you," Bill said, voice rough and his eyes a little red the way they were when he was close to tears, but he didn't shed a tear of joy or anything else. Charlie flung his arms around him and held him close, breathed him in, his nose and lips pressed to the warm skin of his brother's neck for a long, blissful minute.

Come September, returning to Hogwarts without Cas felt like shit. For the whole first week of his own last year of school, Charlie wanted nothing more than to be alone, to curl up and cry or, even better, to sleep and forget about how much he missed Cas and Bill. During the summer holidays, before Cas had started an apprenticeship at the Institute of Magical Creatures in Edinburgh, Bill had taken a week off from training. Charlie, Cas and Bill had gone camping at a beach in Devon, with the sand the exact shade of Cas' hair. They had spent their days swimming in the cold sea and in the evenings they got drunk at the campfire in front of their tent. The three of them, finally together, as it had been in school, but infinitely better.

"Charlie, did you know—" Cas had said one night and taken the bottle of beer from Charlie's hand.

"What?" Charlie had smiled and leaned back to watch him drink. He had been pleasantly tipsy, arms heavy from swimming and hours spent lazing on the beach.

Cas, smiling back, had passed the bottle on, even though Bill had had his own. Charlie had watched Bill put his mouth to the bottle that just a moment ago Cas' lips had touched, and a moment before that, his own lips. Charlie could still feel the warm, smooth glass and taste the beer's bitterness on his tongue.

"Did you know that Bill and I kissed, back at school?" Cas had asked with a low, booze-lazy laugh.

Bill had coughed so hard that tears had shot to his eyes. Charlie and Cas had sat up, urgently slapping his back to drum that mislead sip of beer from his airways.

"I'm okay," Bill had breathed finally, wiping at his eyes. Charlie had let out a breath, realising only now that his stomach was doing somersaults.

"Good," Cas had said and looked at Charlie. "And you?"

Charlie had huffed a laugh. He was okay, wasn't he? "When did that happen? That kiss?"

“In Bill’s final year, after the Quidditch final,” Cas had said and carefully eyed the bottle of beer before he had taken the last, long sip. “That party, you remember? You were searching for us.”

“Yes. Well, er, good for you, I guess?” Charlie had shot Cas a grin, as if this wasn’t doing things to his belly. Charlie couldn’t quite blame Cas, Bill was handsome as fuck. And he was, well, *Bill*. Charlie had looked at Bill, who had been flushed a deep red and who was slowly kicking at a pebble with his naked toe in the sand. “Good for you, too,” Charlie had mumbled, wishing he sat close enough to elbow Bill’s side, a nudge of reassurance, “just had no idea you’re into blokes, too. You could’ve told me.”

Bill had just laughed and shrugged, carefully avoiding Charlie’s gaze, except for that one moment when he’d stumbled to his feet to fetch another beer from inside the tent. He’d cast Charlie a glance so heavy with an avalanche of things unsaid, that for the first time in his life Charlie had wondered how much Bill thought he couldn’t tell him. Just how many things there were Bill thought he had to deal with on his own.

Later that night, when Bill was already sleeping beside them and Cas and Charlie had lain there, too wound up to fall asleep, Cas had mumbled, “Always thought Bill was fit. Fuck, just like you, Charlie,” and wound his hand into Charlie’s hair, one fingernail digging sharply into his scalp, and kissed him deeply.

Charlie had been searching his chest for a feeling of jealousy, for the slightest sting of betrayal, but there was nothing, just confusion and beer-addled arousal. And when he had found Cas’ gaze in the grey-blue blur of the tent, a dark glitter next to him, it had been full of emotion, sharp and bare, all directed at Charlie and no less than before. Charlie had groaned and kissed him back, overwhelmed and turned on, and overflowing with affection for Bill.

So back at Hogwarts, Charlie felt miserable without them. But he had a boyfriend and a brother to write letters to, and for the first time in his school career, he really made himself work for his exams. Between studying, Quidditch, helping Hagrid with his animals and those letters, this last year at Hogwarts thankfully passed quickly.

Charlie was intrigued by Cas’ work at the Institute for Magical Creatures, but he couldn’t bring himself to spend more than the weekends in the Wizarding district of Edinburgh – too crowded after the remote quiet of both the Burrow and Hogwarts. With two letters of glowing recommendation from McGonagall and Hagrid in his pocket, he went to an even more remote place instead, to the Dragon Sanctuary of Romania, determined to become a dragon-handler.

For the next three years, most of Charlie’s and Cas’ tiny salaries went straight into international portkeys, making sure they saw each other almost every weekend. Bill stopped by whenever he could – initially, he made it to the Sanctuary or Edinburgh every four weeks. It never felt enough and when he started to work in Egypt of all places, it thinned out even further, to every two or three months. And while Charlie was happier than ever with Cas and the dragons, he felt painfully out of touch with his brother. Bill had found a new girlfriend in Egypt, a witch from his team of cursebreakers that he liked enough to tell Charlie and Cas about her. She was as fascinated by ancient magical artefacts as Bill and very beautiful; probably everything Bill looked for in a woman when he was looking at a woman. Once

again, Charlie was feeling inappropriately protective about his brother, possessive, even if he tried his best not to let it show.

“Merlin,” Cas sighed on the last night of a short trip to Cairo. They were staying in Bill’s guest room, a broom closet magically enlarged and still barely big enough to house a sofa to sleep on and a small chest with four mostly stuck drawers. Bill was brushing his teeth in the bathroom next door, Charlie heard the water from the tap gurgling in the rusty pipes. A moment later the toilet was being flushed.

“Hmmm?” Charlie brushed a kiss to Cas’ throat. After a handful of days in Cairo Cas was even more tanned than usual, breathtakingly gorgeous with the golden stubble on his cheeks. Bill had changed, too, his skin had taken on a light copper tone underneath the dark freckles. Charlie hadn’t even known their skin could do that.

“Bill’s looking really good,” Cas said, as if reading Charlie’s mind.

“He does,” Charlie said, because Bill did look good – Merlin, Charlie wasn’t blind – and because Charlie knew that Cas never stopped having a bit of a thing for Bill. Cas had told Charlie years ago, a few weeks after that first confession at the golden Devon beach. It hadn’t stung, and it hadn’t shocked Charlie. He was deeply, weirdly certain that Cas didn’t love or want him any less just because he fancied Bill, too. Maybe it even added it something: a strange forbidden thrill, a feeling of closeness that Cas trusted Charlie so much to share this with him.

Charlie liked watching them together, Cas and his brother, talking animatedly across a flimsy table in the café down the street, smiling and laughing. Sometimes he imagined what things might be like if Bill was Cas’ boyfriend instead of Charlie. Cas travelling to Cairo instead of the Carpathians, Bill in Cas’ narrow bed in the Edinburgh flat he shared with a fellow apprentice. Bill’s hands on Cas’ skin, exploring his body in wonder or touching it in all of Cas’ favourite places after years of being together. He pictured them kissing hungrily or in passing. The noises Cas would make if Bill licked into his mouth like Charlie did–

Merlin. That was weird, wasn’t it.

“Sometimes,” Cas said next to him, a low murmur over the noises of Cairo at night, “sometimes I really wish I could have him. Just the one time. Before he goes and marries his girl or something. I think I need to do that.”

Cas’ hands splayed across Bill’s chest, impatiently undoing the buttons of his shirt, while he was licking Bill’s throat, making him gasp and groan. Cas’ hands finding the tangle of Bill’s pony tail, vanishing his hair band with a flick of his wrist, until Bill’s long hair came down to his shoulders, waiting to be messed up. Cas’ hands threading into it as he pulled him closer, making Bill–

“Charlie?” Cas asked, worried. “I’m sorry if that went too far, I was sure you’d...”

“No, no, it’s alright.” Charlie looked at Cas. He seemed vulnerable in a way he rarely did, and his gaze was still so full of – everything. Charlie drew a long, slow breath, steadying himself. “If that’s what you want... go do it.”

Because how could he deny him.

“You sure?” Cas asked incredulously.

“Yeah.”

“You know it wouldn’t change things between us?”

Charlie laughed, breathless and light-headed. “I’m sure it *will* change things in one way or other if you’re fucking my brother, but... I’m not scared of it. Not scared I might lose you.”

Cas kissed him, feverishly licking between his lips until he brushed Charlie’s tongue. Charlie groaned. So much better than his fantasies.

“Why?” Cas asked, noses touching, brushing kisses to the corner of Charlie’s lips. Stubble rasping against stubble.

“Because I think that loving him won’t diminish loving me. It never has, so far, has it?” Suddenly his heart beat faster; so fast, so hard he felt it up in his throat, but he couldn’t stop the truth from spilling from his lips. He tried to cover it up with a laugh, turn it into a joke. “And because I probably would, too, if I could.”

“Oh *fuck*, ” Cas gasped and climbed on top of Charlie. Within a minute, they were naked on Bill’s old sofa, their sweat draining the thin linen in spite of the cooling charms, and Charlie watched his own pale hands roam Cas’ tanned skin, touching him in all the places Bill had yet to explore, until Cas came all over him with a strangled cry in the darkness.

Strange enough, Charlie couldn’t stop smiling when they said good-bye to Bill in the morning. He was – it took him a moment to pinpoint the feeling and its origin – he was happy for Bill. That Bill would get to have this with Cas, if he just let himself.

Bill

Bill spent Christmas at the Burrow, and after that, he went to Edinburgh with Charlie and Cas. He had been looking forward to this for months. Work had been taking up all of his time recently, weeks and weeks in hot, dusty libraries to prepare for one day out in the baking desert to defuse yet another cursed artefact in an entirely cursed tomb. At this point, he even welcomed the cold English rain. Christmas was wonderful, even if Ron, Fred and George had again insisted on staying at Hogwarts, and even if Bill didn't bring Irene to meet his parents. They had broken up in November – because of all that work, he kept telling himself.

When he kissed his parents good-bye on the 30th of December, about to squeeze himself into the fireplace with Cas and Charlie to floo up to Edinburgh, he couldn't stop himself from grinning. Charlie and Cas had been in a good mood all week, buzzing with infectious anticipation that seemed to increase as their departure approached. Bill had asked them about it, but they wouldn't say a word – at the Burrow at least.

They got very drunk on New Year's Eve, as if to soothe the nerves that were now mixing with the anticipation. When the bell struck midnight, Bill watched Cas and Charlie kiss in front of the bar in Wizarding Edinburgh where they were celebrating. Nobody seemed to bat an eye when Cas turned to him, flashed him a smile that had Bill's knees go weak, when he cupped Bill's face and kissed him gently on his mouth. Cas pulled back to huff a sweet, disbelieving breath against Bill's lips – only to kiss him again, much bolder now. Cas brushed his tongue across Bill's bottom lip, and against his better judgment, with the same surge of forbidden excitement he'd felt as a seventeen year old, Bill opened his mouth to let him in.

Cas grinned at him, mumbling "Happy new year, Bill," and the next moment Charlie was hugging him tightly.

New Year's Day was a confused, lazy affair. Cas' flatmate was at his girlfriend's, so they had the flat to themselves, watching telly, huddled on the small sofa where Bill slept. Bill wasn't quite as fascinated with the television as his dad, but it was entertaining enough, especially with Cas and Charlie right next to him. Cas' thigh was touching his own while Charlie was dozing against Cas' shoulder, both their feet up on the coffee table. This strange anticipation was lingering underneath the hungover sleepiness even now, a low, insistent heartbeat of excitement pulsing in the air between them.

Cas breathed a low laugh about something that had happened in the television programme, but Bill wasn't paying attention. He was thinking about last night's kiss, about Cas' lips. Maybe the excitement was getting to him, too. As quietly as he could, he blew out a breath, trying to relax, and his leg sank heavier against Cas'.

Cas turned his head, meeting his gaze. Stirred by the motion, Charlie blinked his eyes open, shifted and brushed a kiss to the pulse point on Cas' throat.

"Why did you kiss me?" Bill breathed.

A hint of a blush coloured Cas' cheeks and he dropped his gaze, smiling.

“Because he wanted to,” Charlie supplied lazily.

Taken aback, Bill asked, “And you—“

“It’s alright, for me,” Charlie said. “We’ve talked about it, before.”

“Well, okay then,” Bill murmured. He really didn’t know what else to say.

“Can I – again? Can I kiss you again?” Cas asked. A shiver of insecurity flickered across his face.

Bill’s gaze darted to Charlie, who was watching them, rapt. Charlie gave a minute nod.

“What’s this about?” Bill heard himself ask. If he was doing this, he needed to know – and Merlin, he *was* going to do this, wasn’t he, his self-preservation was crumbling with every blink of Cas’ long, dark-at-the-tips, blond-at-the-roots lashes, with every parting of his lips, with every shallow breath Charlie was drawing behind Cas.

Cas’ gaze darted from Bill to Charlie and back to Bill, dropped to his lips, then further down to the too short t-shirt of Charlie’s that Bill had slept in and put back on after the shower he’d taken earlier. Back to his lips, probably, and then he met Bill’s gaze.

“I never stopped... thinking about you. Since then, since we kissed. Even when Charlie and I—“ Charlie wound a hand around Cas’ middle, and Cas took it, threading their fingers together. “And I thought that before you’ll find a woman you’ll want to marry and have kids with, I’d like to have you.” He cleared his throat, awkward and brave. “Just the one time.”

Cas held his gaze, a small smile tugging at his lips.

“Uh,” Bill breathed. His face was hot, he was shaken and turned on at once. He didn’t dare meet Charlie’s gaze, but he could see his brother’s smile from the corner of his eye.

Charlie touched his fingers to Cas’ chin, tilting his face closer to his own. “Bet he wants you, too,” Charlie rasped and kissed Cas, tongue and all.

They were so fucking gorgeous to watch.

With a soft, wet plosive they broke the kiss.

“Now you,” Charlie said, letting go of Cas and looking Bill right into the eye. A wave of heat rolled through Bill’s body, head to toe, setting each and every cell of his being on fire.

Cas moved closer to him. “You want to?” A whisper, already almost brushing Bill’s lips.

Bill wasn’t sure if he managed to say his *yes* out loud, but the next moment, Cas’ lips were on his own, warm, kiss-damp, soft and hungry.

They were kissing. This was the third time he kissed Cas, and it only got better, even if that felt impossible.

Charlie watched them, brushed his hand across Cas' crotch, cupping him for a beat, then shifted and got up from the sofa. "I'll get us something to eat from town." He touched his lips to Cas' hair, bitten pink on golden blond. "Take your time."

Bill heard Charlie rustle in the narrow hallway, the muffled squeak of his trainers on the linoleum floor. The front door opened and fell shut again, and the look in Cas' eyes was ravenous.

For a moment, Bill was drunk on the gratitude and love he felt for Charlie, glazed with his awe for the trust his brother and Cas had in one another.

They kissed and for a long time, couldn't stop, completely lost in one another. Bill was overwhelmed. Cas was as tall as Bill; an amount of long, slender limbs that Bill didn't quite know how to handle, but Cas did. He slid his thigh between Bill's legs, right against Bill's erection. Bill's face was burning, he was already so hard from kissing his brother's boyfriend. But then he felt Cas' rigid cock press against his hipbone, and the next wave of hot, heady arousal washed away the shame.

Bill ran his trembling hands across Cas' shoulders, broad and strong under his thin t-shirt. He'd watched these shoulders a million times: the fine splatter of dark freckles where the sun must have burnt his skin. The ridge of his vertebrae, his strong neck, and above that the warm-golden softness of the hair that dusted his nape. Years of yearning hit Bill full force – he had wanted this for so long. All those years, he hadn't been able to stop thinking about Cas either, about Cas who was with Charlie, whom Charlie got to touch and to kiss and to fuck. Bill loved Charlie for it and didn't know what to feel at all.

Cas groaned into Bill's mouth, decadently rolling his hips and grinding his hard cock against Bill.

When Cas' t-shirt was gone, tearing at the collar as they yanked it over his head, Bill sucked his small dark nipples into his mouth. He was panting against Cas' hot skin, his heart rabbiting in his chest. He couldn't decide where to put his hands, so they roved everywhere Bill could reach, making Cas shiver and squirm and finally grab Bill's hand and press it to his cock.

"Do you want to touch me?"

"Yes," Bill gasped and slid his hands into Cas' track pants, dampness smeared across the fabric where the head of his cock had touched it. He stroked him, foreign and familiar at once, wet and hot, helplessly rocking his hips against Cas' body.

Cas kicked his trackpants down and away, and Bill hurried to get rid of his jeans, then Charlie's t-shirt and last his socks, all in the wrong order, desperate to feel Cas' naked body against his own.

There was no chance he could keep stroking Cas' cock – hard and long and hot and so beautiful it made Bill's breath stutter – when Cas was kneeling down between his spread legs. Bill moaned when Cas' lips closed around him, hips jerking up at the licks of his tongue. Bill came fast, and it felt as if he was run over by a train, while-hot pleasure rolling across his

body over and over as he spilled into Cas' mouth, across his lips, his chin. He tasted himself when he kissed him, he wiped Cas' lips with his hand only to lick his own come from his fingers afterwards. He was delirious with want, even now.

"What do you want," he murmured hoarsely against Cas' lips, wrapping a hand around Cas' cock.

"I don't care," Cas breathed, "I don't care as long as it's you." He gulped down a breath, took Bill's face in both of his hands and kissed him hard. Murmuring the spell against Cas' searching lips, Bill conjured a splash of lube and started to stroke Cas. It had Cas shivering with need, and Bill was desperate to make him come, desperate to make this last, and before long, he was hard again, too. Cas urged him upwards until he could wrap his hand around both their cocks.

"More lube," Cas demanded, a rasp of desire on his lips. He shivered feeling Bill's magic on his skin, then braced himself against the back of the sofa, leaving dark fingerprints as he smeared lube into the fabric, and let Bill take care of them both. He fucked into Bill's fist, eyes flying open and whispering profanities the instant before Bill felt him pulsing hot wetness over his hand and his own cock. Holding Cas' wide-eyed, wondrous gaze, Bill came again, and it was wrecking him all over.

They were catching their breath in a heap of sweaty, sticky limbs, finding each other's lips in soft, giggly kisses – *I'm so glad we've done this, I loved it, I loved it* – when Charlie's patronus landed on the coffee table.

"I'm bringing Chinese noodles, and I'll be back in ten. Just so you know," the miniature Welsh Green said in Charlie's voice.

Cas huffed a soft, loving laugh and looked at Bill. He brushed a damp strand of hair from Bill's face, then stroked his thumb across Bill's eyebrows. Bill turned his head to kiss his fingers. Cas' lips parted as if to say something, but no words came forth. There was so much Bill felt, but he couldn't voice any of it, either – how good this had felt, how confusing yet *right*. That he wasn't sure how to go on without sleeping with Cas every minute of every day from now on.

"Let's have a shower," Cas murmured, and they did.

They were ravenous, again, shooting each other lunatic grins over their plastic containers of hot, spicy food as they ate. Bill was sitting on the floor, Charlie and Cas on the sofa. Cas' lube-wet fingerprints had faded to a mere darker shade of the sofa's threadbare green fabric, but Bill could still see it. He saw where they had fucked. Charlie never stopped smiling at them.

"Happy now?" Charlie had asked upon entering, and Cas, with a his damp hair smelling of shower gel, clean everywhere he'd let Bill wash him in the too-small, too-old shower cubicle, had kissed Charlie, glowing with a smile. "You've got no idea."

Charlie then had walked around the coffee table to Bill, squeezed his shoulder, kissed the crown of his head, and dumped a white plastic box into Bill's lap.

Just the one time.

Only that it didn't remain the one time. The next time they met – Easter, because spring meant exams for Cas, even if he was going sick with what as he admitted on the floo one night in early February – they slept with each other in Charlie's old bed in Charlie's and Bill's bedroom back at the Burrow, while Charlie had a nightcap to distract his parents and hopefully cast a silencing charm on the rhythmically creaking floor boards. And again, a week later, then in summer, in Egypt, and in Edinburgh and in Romania, too, where Charlie was back early from his dragons and caught them blissed out in the shower, every surface fogged with hot steam. As always Charlie kissed Cas, turning his hazy smile a little hazier, and shot Bill a warm smile, full of everything, then handed them their towels.

It was weird, because in a way, things barely changed between them. They relaxed more around each other, even though Bill hadn't even known how tense he had been, how much energy it had cost him to keep his emotions at a careful distance and to stop his gaze from lingering on Cas – or on Charlie. He also gave up on telling himself he was straight safe for that one kiss he exchanged with his and his brother's best friend in seventh year. He tried not to think too much about what that made him, fucking Cas whenever he had the chance. He tried not to think too much about what Charlie and he were to one another, sharing Charlie's boyfriend, their best friend, like that, all the lines blurring as they did.

Cas

Chapter Notes

All lines thoroughly blurred yet? Let's see.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It was Cas' birthday in September, more than two years after they'd started doing whatever they *were* doing, since Edinburgh. Two glorious years, more than that even, in which Cas didn't feel so torn between Charlie and Bill, always on the verge of being split in two or eternally damned to miss the other.

Cas had tried to define what he felt for them from the first day they had started to allow him into their close-knittedness, into their blind trust in one another. Into their warm, flexible, all-encompassing bond of love they clearly considered normal and which Cas knew was nowhere near normal at all. Bill and Charlie – that was a once-in-lifetime thing, a one-in-a-million brotherhood. That year, Cas had been oscillating so hard between love and friendship and want, between Bill and Charlie. He'd been sure he was in love with Bill when they'd first kissed after the Hufflepuff Quidditch match, just as he'd been sure he'd never want anyone as much as he wanted Charlie a few months later when they got together.

And now Cas got to have them both, taking his joyful turns with them, and they both seemed to be so happy, so pleased with their arrangement. Out-of-their-minds-pleased, dizzy with desire and, quite certainly, love. He never would have believed he could have this, *them*, like that.

These days, Cas spent five days a week in Romania and two in his office at the Edinburgh Institute. He worked at Charlie's side with the dragons, a collaboration between the Sanctuary and the Institute he had initiated right after he had been offered a proper job at the end of his apprenticeship. Bill was coming to Romania for his birthday, and Cas had the feeling Bill and Charlie were planning something – maybe they'd take him to that club in Bucharest everybody was talking about, even up in Edinburgh. He loved it when they did that, those moments when they did something together just to please him, even if in a much more innocent way than Cas was ready to admit he craved.

The day before his birthday, Bill portkeyed to the front door of their cabin at the Sanctuary. He was tall and beautiful as ever. A slow kiss on Cas' lips, one arm wrapped around Charlie. Charlie grinned and mumbled that he'd gladly have the birthday party all for himself if Cas and Bill decided to cancel their plans to retreat to the bedroom immediately.

That night, late after an elaborate dinner Charlie had prepared, they blindfolded Cas, whispering *Hold on, careful now*, into his ears, and Apparated him to the doorstep of the club in Bucharest. Bathed in colourful light they danced for hours. Midnight came and went, and

with it Cas' birthday, and Cas couldn't think of a better way to celebrate. They had a few shots but then mostly drank water, as neither of them seemed keen on getting sloshed. They let Cas take turns kissing and touching them as he pleased. No-one knew them here, nobody knew they were brothers. By the time they stumbled out of the club, arms around each other's shoulders, the sun was already rising. They had breakfast in a café somewhere in Piața Romană, and most of the time, Cas just enjoyed watching Bill and Charlie together. Bill was taller, lanky, with long hair. A mile of legs. Back at school, he used to be paler than Charlie with all his freckles, but that had changed since Egypt. Bill was the quietest of them, worrying the most. He rarely let go of the burden of responsibility that came with being the eldest of seven. But sometimes he did and allowed himself to be selfish and foolish and reckless: in Cas' arms, Bill let himself have everything he had denied himself for years.

Charlie was stronger than Bill. He had been wrangling dragons for a few years now and it showed, in a way that made Cas' mouth water. Even though Cas had an inch or two on him, Charlie could easily lift him up and manhandle him however he pleased. Cas loved how strength and utter gentleness coexisted within Charlie, the sweetest and most generous man Cas had ever known.

Cas had his feet up in Charlie's lap, taking the last bite of his papanasi. Bill and Charlie exchanged a glance, and there was something in it that made Cas feel hot all over – a tremor, a leap of faith about to happen, a collectively held breath.

"I'll pay," Charlie said, lifting Cas' feet from his thighs. "Then let's go home."

They walked to the public floo at the centre of Bucharest's Wizarding quarter. To Cas' surprise, Charlie had come back from the café's counter with a small bottle of sweet Romanian wine. When they turned into an alleyway, he uncorked it with a snap of his fingers. Charlie took a sip, hummed appreciatively and offered it to Cas, the look in his deep-blue eyes fierce and intent, and yet in need of liquid courage.

"Happy birthday, my love," he said as Cas took the bottle. The wine was sweet and heavy and immediately went to Cas' head. Cas sighed and passed it on to Bill, who brushed a kiss to his temple. "Cas. Happy birthday."

They shared the bottle between them, slowing down when the public floo came in sight on a small plaza.

"We've got a special birthday present for you," Charlie said, gaze glued to the floo. He needed to get this out before they went back to the cabin, it seemed.

"Alright," Cas said, sucking in a long breath to slow down his heart, to calm his nerves.

When neither of them said another word, he asked, "So what is it? What's my special present?"

Next to him, Bill stirred. "A wish," he said simply. "You get to make a wish." Gaze flitting between Cas and Charlie, he added, "Anything you want."

Cas' mouth went dry, white noise filled his ears and swallowed the hubbub of the plaza. Bill and Charlie knew exactly what he'd wish for if he let himself, if it didn't matter that they were brothers—

“I want both of you. Together.” Cas said it quickly, before he could change his mind, before the sweet wine would fade from his system and he'd force himself to withdraw from the realm of his fantasies. “Now.”

Charlie, flushed a deep red under his freckles, took the first step to the public floo across the plaza. “Alright then.”

They finished the bottle as they reached the floo, the glass warm and smooth under their lips, a shared pleasure, shared courage.

“Charlie Weasley's cabin at the Dragon Sanctuary,” Bill murmured and threw the floo powder over his shoulder and—

They tumbled out of Charlie's floo, soot on their jackets and in their hair. They were nervous, all of them.

“Any of you in need of a shower?” Cas asked, unsure how to begin. They'd been dancing all night, if it was just Charlie and him – or Bill and him, for that matter – they'd definitely shower first, probably ending up fucking under the spray and then again, damp on their bed, with whispers of foam lingering secretly in an armpit or between their toes.

Cas started to undress as he walked towards the small corridor, leaving his shoes where they'd stepped off the crate, dropping his jacket and his t-shirt to the floor right where he took them off.

He was unbuttoning his jeans when Bill and Charlie followed him, the first pieces of their clothing going to the ground like Cas' own. Charlie cradled him against the short stretch of wall between the bathroom and the bedroom. Bill kissed him, batting Cas' hands away from his fly and cupping him through his jeans. Bill's hair had come loose, his long ginger strands a mess that Cas wanted to bury his fingers in. Bill kept stroking Cas' erection when he pulled back to slant Charlie a glance, fierce and wanting. Following his brother's silent command, Charlie leaned in and licked hungrily into Cas' mouth, as if searching for traces, for the taste of Bill. Bill was so close as he watched them, close enough that puffs of his breath brushed across Cas' cheeks. Cas felt frighteningly, delightfully on display. All the things they had been doing with each other were finally coming to light, finally out in the open for all three of them to see.

Cas felt Bill's breath hitch at the sound of Charlie's soft groans against Cas' lips. Bill sank to his knees, pushed down Cas' jeans and took him into his mouth, making Cas gasp with pleasure. Charlie pulled back and licked his spit-slick, kiss-bitten lips.

“Oh *fuck*, ” he rasped as he watched his brother go down on Cas.

With one hand, Cas started yanking at Charlie's t-shirt, pushing it clumsily up his chest, until Charlie pulled the t-shirt over his head and tossed it to the ground. Biting off a moan –

Merlin, Bill was fucking *wrecking* him there – Cas buried his face in the crook of Charlie’s neck and breathed him in, the scent of his skin and his sweat, stronger and headier than usual, and robbing Cas of the last shreds of coherent thought.

Bill took him down even further, going faster. With gentle, trembling hands Charlie brushed Bill’s hair from his face and held it back, thick and silk-soft between his fingers. Bill groaned around Cas’ cock, eyes closed. Charlie stared at Bill’s hair in his hands. They twitched as if wanting to reach out and touch–

Charlie let out a shattered breath and searched Cas’ gaze. They had crossed a line, and there was no going back.

Bill rose, looking dazed. Charlie slowly let go of his hair, then carefully tucked one strand back behind Bill’s ear. He leaned in, almost close enough to touch Bill’s face, gaze locked to Bill’s parted lips. Slowly, he took a breath, smelling Cas’ arousal on his brother’s skin. On his lips.

Swallowing, Charlie took a step back. “Bedroom.”

They were naked on their bed, all three of them, the duvet kicked to the floor within seconds.

Sometimes, when Cas had been in bed with either Charlie or Bill, they’d asked halting, probing questions.

What’s he like when you’re–

What did you do, and what did he do–

Does he like this? Does it get him off? Does this get you off?

Yes, it did, all of it. Cas had been telling them, separately, as he’d driven them closer to orgasm, tipping them over the edge with whispered secrets about the other. They knew, of course, about this exchange, both of them. And Cas knew this was part of what got them through the hours of solitude while they were waiting to see Cas, to see each other again.

There were no words for the thrill of finally having them together.

Cas was in the middle, turning his head to kiss Charlie who’d wrapped his arms around him from behind. Bill was sucking a love bite to the tender skin where Cas’ throat met his shoulder. Cas hissed at the sting, but Charlie was kissing him and someone was stroking his cock, and there were hands all over his body, touching, touching, touching.

This was how Cas came for the first time that day, in an aimless exploration of skin on skin on skin, of wandering hands and legs wrapped around one another; of hungry, addictive friction. Charlie followed soon after, biting down at Cas’ shoulder, coming all over the cleft of his arse while Bill was watching his brother with wide-blown pupils.

“Water?” Charlie croaked after a while, propping himself up on one elbow. He looked at Cas. “You thirsty?”

Cas nodded, and Charlie got up from the bed, dipping the mattress as he left.

Cas crawled closer to Bill. He brushed a curl away and kissed his forehead, tasting the salt on his skin. "Are you okay, Bill?"

Bill nodded and hummed, a sound like parchment scratching across his vocal cords. "I am." He moved up his head to kiss Cas softly, one hand lazily stroking his still hard cock.

Charlie returned, a glass in one hand, his wand in the other.

"Aguamenti," he murmured and poured water from the tip of his wand into the glass. Cas sat up and took it, drinking it all in one go. Charlie filled the glass again and held it out to Bill, his gaze soft, with want lingering underneath the adoration.

Bill was still lying on the bed. He shook his head and opened his mouth instead, and after a beat of hesitation, Charlie poured the water right into his mouth. Bill couldn't swallow fast enough, so it spilled over his lips, trickled across his chin and down his throat, pooling in the dip at the base. Bill raised his hand in the wake of the water and ran it across his throat and chest with a soft sigh, trying to wipe it off. It looked so tender it could have been a caress. Yet again, Cas felt like they'd crossed a line, trespassing onto ground where none of them knew what was waiting.

Charlie sat down on the bed next to Bill. He leaned over him and kissed Cas, and now Bill was in the middle. Bill started to lick kisses to the first spot of Cas' body he found, his hipbone, while brushing his fingers lightly across Charlie's hand. A moment later, Charlie threaded his fingers between Bill's. Cas was getting hard again.

Bill watched them kiss. He hadn't come yet, he must be dizzy with arousal, Cas thought, and took his time kissing Charlie. They were letting Bill see: how their tongues touched, how Charlie sucked at Cas' bottom lip and then bit down, a sharp, perfect sting of pain. Cas could have gone on forever, he could have got himself off over it, but—

They'd crossed that line. They were waiting what was about to happen. Maybe nothing would, unless Cas—

"Come here, Bill," he said, threading his fingers into Bill's long hair. "Sit up."

Bill raised himself slowly until he was sitting between them. There was a shiny spot of wetness where his cock lay curved against his lower belly. The sight of him made Cas want to devour him, to take him apart until he sobbed – a point they'd never reached before, no matter how good it had been.

Instead, Cas sat back a fraction, taking in the two men he loved.

Anything you want, Bill had said.

"Now kiss," Cas commanded, voice glazed with a hint of authority, even if it was barely more than a breath.

For a moment, neither of them moved. Panic was about to surge Cas' veins – *Merlin, please, I haven't pushed this too far, have I? Did I get it all wrong?*

But then Charlie, always the brave one, inched closer to Bill. He lifted a trembling hand, *visibly trembling*, to his brother's jaw, touching it with upmost tenderness. A breath broke from Bill's chest, a desperate, defeated thing, and he turned his face towards the touch and kissed the tips of Charlie's fingers. With his eyes closed, he sucked two of Charlie's fingers into the wet heat of his mouth. His eyelids fluttered, he blinked, then flashed Charlie a look that was so full of yearning that Cas sucked in a ragged breath. Charlie slid his hand to the back of Bill's head, his fingers digging into his hair so hard it must have hurt. He pulled Bill closer, and Bill followed. Every muscle of Bill's body was taut with tension, the knuckles of his fingers white where they grasped the linen. Charlie and Bill clashed their lips together, noses colliding, then shifted softly and melted against one another. Chests touching, arms tight around the other's back, and kissing.

Oh god, Cas thought helplessly as he watched them. He'd never seen anything more beautiful.

Time seemed to have stopped, they were kissing. Fingers in each other's hair, freckles on skin just shades lighter than the other's, body hair that could have been from the same man. One tall, long limbs; one strong, all muscle. Hands searching out their well-known shapes, finally seeing each other with the pads of their fingers instead of just their eyes. Exploring the weight of their touches, legs wrapped around hips, ankles hooked as if closing a lock, turning the key and throwing it into the sea.

When they broke apart, chests heaving, murmuring praise and each other's names – *you fucking fool, you horrible stupid idiot, come here, I love you, I–* they dove right back into another messy kiss, greedier the longer they got to touch each other. Their gazes were heated, growing bolder.

Charlie and Bill must have forgotten about Cas, but when he hissed a sharp, excited gasp, their gazes flew to him. They tackled Cas and brought him down on his back within seconds, driven with want. Bill kissed Charlie right in front of Cas' face, and then they kissed Cas, both at once. Charlie dragged his fingernails down Bill's arse hard enough to leave four angry red stripes, and Bill's cock twitched against Cas'. The next time Bill and Charlie kissed, Cas grabbed Charlie's balls hard, just how he loved it, his surprised moan stifled by Bill's lips. Bill grinned and kissed Cas, *fuck, well done, you*, thrilled to see what took his brother apart.

They were all worked up, need written plainly across their eyes.

"What," Charlie gasped, "what do you want to do?" He looked at Bill, then at Cas.

"We could—" Cas set out to coordinate the actions of three men in bed, "Bill, you could fuck me while I – while I suck you off, Charlie." Getting spitroasted. He was out of breath just imagining it.

Charlie was already pulling him close and into an eager, open-mouthed kiss, when Bill said, "No. No, wait." He blew out a long breath, visibly fraying at the edges. "Wait."

They stopped.

“I want to suck you off, Cas,” Bill rasped, resting his hands on Cas’ hipbones, a tender echo of how he sometimes pinned him to the mattress when he gave head and Cas wanted too much too soon. Gently, Bill let his hands slide off Cas’ skin and he turned to Charlie, just about to meet his gaze. Something was breaking inside Bill, and when he spoke again, his voice was straining with what had been unthinkable until now, and absolutely, painfully *unspeakable*. “And I want you to fuck me, Charlie.”

A faraway bell chimed, a distant reminder of the outside world. They had spelled the curtains drawn at some point, keeping everything out but them; even the course of the sun and its wandering light, its shifting shadows as the hours passed. Cas felt as if he hadn’t just spent the daylight hours of his birthday inside this bedroom with Charlie and Bill, but a year, a lifetime. Everything had changed.

Charlie took Bill into his arms, kissing him. “I will, Merlin, I will—“ A whispered ramble against the shell of Bill’s ear. “I’ll fuck you and I’ll make you feel so good. I’ll fuck you just how you need me to. Thank you, Bill, *Billy*, thank you, thank you, thank you—“

Time slowed into a sweet molasses, thick with gasps and barely suppressed groans, hot like the touch of their bodies and the afternoon sun on a bright September day, that last, lazy stretch of summer.

Bill was on top of Charlie, and Charlie slowly ground his cock against one of Bill’s thighs. Cas trailed a hand up and down Bill’s other thigh while he kissed his way down Bill’s cleft. He took him apart with his mouth and tongue and had Bill groaning, gasping how they were fucking *ruining* him, until his gasps grew into moans and he started to beg.

Cas knelt down in front of Bill. He watched him untangle his hands from his hair and lever his head off the mattress. With a low, hungry groan Bill guided Cas into his mouth, eyes fluttering closed in delight.

Cas watched Charlie tease Bill’s slick rim with his fingers. When he pushed in, shock and lust were written all over Bill’s and Charlie’s faces. And then Charlie began to fuck him, hands moving across Bill’s back, his shoulders, into his hair. Charlie held onto Bill, and he looked like a man who had finally found what he’d been searching since forever.

When Cas and Charlie had found a rhythm, they kept it up – just a hint too slow, too light, pushing each other further but not over the edge, until Bill grew desperate.

“Fuck, *more*,” Bill gasped against the shaft of Cas’ cock, and they gave him more.

Bill was sobbing as Charlie’s hips snapped against his arse, and suddenly Cas was coming down Bill’s throat, defeated by the sight of his lovers fucking. He collapsed onto the bed and, a minute later, slid underneath Bill, who was still up on all fours, still held in place by his brother. Cas wrapped a hand around Bill’s cock, trying to meet Charlie’s sharp thrusts with his hand. When Bill began to unravel, going almost still and just *taking* it while gasping helpless sobs of pleasure against Cas’ lips, Cas looked up at Charlie. He found the same surrender in Charlie’s gaze as in Bill’s. They were in this together, equally lost in each other. Cas stroked his thumb across Bill’s damp cheekbone, across his parted lips, and with a shuddering breath, Bill finally let go. He was coming all over Cas’ hand and belly. A violent

tremor shook the whole of Bill's body. Charlie cried out and lost his rhythm, chasing what was left to chase, and was rewarded with a surprised, sated laugh from Bill.

"Oh fuck," Bill forced out between hiccupping breaths, his grin perfectly audible. "Oh fuck, that felt so good."

Charlie slumped down on top of him. They were bone-crushingly heavy, the two of them, pressing almost all the air from Cas' lungs. A sweat-damp tangle of kisses peppered to shoulder blades and clavicles, clearly more important than breathing.

Eventually, Charlie heaved himself off them to lie at Cas' side, taking Cas' hand in his. A moment later, Bill tumbled gracelessly to Cas' left, his long legs draped over Cas' and Charlie's.

They slept for a while and then, after they woke up, stumbled to the bathroom. They managed to fit into the bathtub, all three of them. Cas' head against Bill's chest, and Charlie settled between their legs, facing them. Both Bill and Charlie were radiating a deep sense of peace, but maybe that was just the post-orgasmic bliss still lingering in their bloodstream. They ran wet fingers across Cas' legs, caressing him, and watched the blond hairs on his shins turn a dark gold from the water. Cas was in love. He always had been, probably.

"So how are we feeling?" Cas casually asked the next day over breakfast and snatched the last piece of toast from Bill's plate.

"Good," Bill said, chewing, thinking, "really good. Free." Charlie nodded, shooting his brother a private, happy smile.

"No regrets? Second thoughts?" Cas pushed carefully.

The regrets never came, no matter how often they did this, or how often Cas asked.

Chapter End Notes

For the love of God, please don't copy any story written by a human being to into AI, even (especially!) if you loved that story and feel like you need something exactly like it (but new) this very minute. There are so many great fics on AO3 that humans have written. Please take your time to find them. Or sit down and try to write your own story. Yes, it's hard, and yes, it takes ages. It's frustrating and you'll always feel like you haven't even come close what you wanted to achieve – this is how it works. But believe me: it's *so worth it*, and apart from the occasional struggle there is GREAT JOY to be found in writing. So much more than in letting ChatGPT generate a story feeding on the creativity of actual humans who sat down and spent hours, days, weeks putting pen to paper.

Apart from this: thank you so much for reading. This was a first for me in many ways (and God was I nervous about it), but I had the most amazing time writing this. ♥ Leave

a comment if you like. They keep my creativity alive like nothing else.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!